THE DICKENSIAN

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and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND——

THE Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship, which in future will take the place of the Annual General Meeting hitherto held in London, will be held this year in Manchester. The date fixed for it is 27 October, and although no programme has yet been definitely arranged, it is believed that the conference will take place in the afternoon and a dinner in the evening. We understand that Sir William Bailey will act as President.

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It will interest readers to learn that the Dickens Fellowship since its inauguration on 6 October, 1902, has enrolled over 10,000 members. In the very early days it was proud of its thousandth member, and published his name with great flourish in its weekly organ. It surely holds a unique position to-day with a roll number of five figures, and we feel sure that Mrs. Harriet Potter Nourse, of the New York Branch, will feel some distinction in being member No. 10,000.

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Last month the Grove Hall estate at Bow, until recently the site of the Byas's Private Lunatic Asylum, was sold for building purposes for £22,300. Special interest attached to the spot, because it is believed to be the scene of some of the most amusing incidents that Charles Dickens ever described. Readers of *Nicholas Nickleby* will remember that after the hero had obtained employment with the Brothers Cheeryble he took his mother and sister to live in "a little cottage at Bow," and that here Mrs. Nickleby had those experiences with "the gentleman in the next house," which have caused so many roars of hearty laughter. In view of these facts, the Dickens Fellowship appealed to the public to preserve the ground, as Little Dorrit's playground in the Borough has been. But without success, as the above facts show, although, as a writer in the *London Argus* suggests, it is not too late for a large-hearted rich person to come forward and save the historic estate.

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The dramatizing of a novel of Dickens presents many difficulties, the chief of which are its length, the abundance of dramatic incidents, and the numerous characters each book contains. However successful a dramatist may be in making a play out of one of the stories, he receives many complaints from admirers who do not find their favourite character and scene presented. That he must of course expect, and no doubt Mr. Comyns Carr's *Oliver Twist* brought him many a gentle

reminder that he had given Noah Claypole the complete go-by. But it is a novel complaint on the part of the *Cape Times* critic, writing eulogistically on a performance of the play at Cape Town, that "Squeers doesn't appear at all."

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In the *Book Monthly* for August, Mr. Arthur Waugh, in the course of an interview, "How Dickens Sells," gives some very interesting figures so far as Dickens's original publishers are concerned. During the last six years Messrs. Chapman & Hall have sold close upon 2,000,000 volumes of the novelist's writings, giving a yearly average of over 330,000. The leader, of course, is *Pickwick*, *Copperfield* a good second, with *Oliver Twist*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, third and fourth. *A Child's History of England* is the least successful, whilst the other books fall in line between. Mr. Waugh gives his opinion of the cause of this continued vogue of Dickens. "It seems to me," he says, "that Dickens's sure hold on his readers lies in his overflowing human sympathy." It is not for the stories alone that people read Dickens; if it were, readers would not so frequently turn back to them as they do. That is only one of many things. The "superior" person who used to think and say it was not the "thing" to be found reading Dickens, is not heard of to-day as he used to be. Yet recently Lord Fitzmaurice, in opening a free library at Long Eaton, found it necessary to give this sound piece of advice: "Read Dickens: don't be ashamed of reading Dickens." Those who read Mr. Waugh's interview in the *Book Monthly* will wonder whether the advice, good as it was, was really necessary.

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In our last issue we announced that we had been able to identify for the first time all Dickens's contributions to *Household Words* during his editorship. This had been made possible through the courtesy of the present owner of the office-book, in which the name of each author is placed against the title of his or her contribution, with the price paid for same. Many of Dickens's contributions to the periodical have been traced before, in addition to those reprinted in his collected works. The majority, however, have never before been discovered, and it is our intention to reprint these hitherto unknown writings of the novelist in our pages from month to month. We commence the series this month with "The Amusements of the People." This article is in two parts, the first of which appeared in No. 1 of *Household Words*, 30 March, 1850, and the second part in the issue of 13 April of the same year. We hope to publish the second instalment next month.

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On another page we print an article on the late John L. Toole, whose death, after a long illness, took place last month. Mr. Toole was one of the original Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, and although unable to take any active part in its work, he always showed the keenest interest in all it undertook, and never failed to support its different charitable and other schemes.

THE EDITOR.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE*

By CHARLES DICKENS

I

AS one half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so it may be affirmed that the upper half of the world neither knows nor greatly cares how the lower half amuses itself. Believing that it does not care, mainly because it does not know, we purpose occasionally recording a few facts on this subject.

The general character of the lower class of dramatic amusements is a very significant sign of a people, and a very good test of their intellectual condition. We design to make our readers acquainted in the first place with a few of our experiences under this head in the metropolis.

It is probable that nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment in some form or other. It would be a very doubtful benefit to society, we think, if it could be rooted out. The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, where an infinite variety of ingenious models are exhibited and explained, and where lectures comprising a quantity of useful information on many practical subjects are delivered, is a great public benefit and a wonderful place, but we think a people formed *entirely* in their hours of leisure by Polytechnic Institutions would be an uncomfortable community. We would rather not have to appeal to the generous sympathies of a man of five-and-twenty, in respect of some affliction of which he had had no personal experience, who had passed all his holidays, when a boy, among cranks and cogwheels. We should be more disposed to trust him if he had been brought into occasional contact with a Maid and a Magpie; if he had made one or two diversions into the Forest of Bondy; or had even gone the length of a Christmas Pantomime. There is a range of imagination in most of us, which no amount of steam-engines will satisfy; and which The-great-exhibition-of-the-works-of-industry-of-all-nations, itself, will probably leave unappeased. The lower we go, the more natural it is that the best-relished provision for this should be found in dramatic entertainments; as at once the most obvious, the least troublesome, and the most real, of all escapes out of the literal world. Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth, is not much of a reader, has no great store of books, no very commodious room to read in, no very decided inclination to read, and no power at all of presenting vividly before his mind's eye what he reads about. But, put Joe in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre; show him doors and windows in the scene that will open and shut, and that people can get in and out of; tell him a story with these aids, and by the help of live men and women dressed up, confiding to him their innermost secrets, in voices audible half a mile off; and Joe will unravel a story through all its entanglements, and sit there as long after midnight as you have anything left to show him. Accordingly, the Theatres to which Mr. Whelks resorts,

* Reprinted for the first time from *Household Words*, 30 March, 1850.

are always full; and whatever changes of fashion the drama knows elsewhere, it is always fashionable in the New Cut.

The question, then, might not unnaturally arise, one would suppose, whether Mr. Whelks's education is at all susceptible of improvement, through the agency of his theatrical tastes. How far it is improved at present, our readers shall judge for themselves.

In affording them the means of doing so, we wish to disclaim any grave imputation on those who are concerned in ministering to the dramatic gratification of Mr. Whelks. Heavily taxed, wholly unassisted by the State, deserted by the gentry, and quite unrecognised as a means of public instruction, the higher English Drama has declined. Those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live. It is not the Manager's province to hold the Mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks—the only person who acknowledges him. If, in like manner, the actor's nature, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to what he works in, the actor can hardly be blamed for it. He grinds hard at his vocation, is often steeped in direful poverty, and lives, at the best, in a little world of mockeries. It is bad enough to give away a great estate six nights a-week, and want a shilling; to preside at imaginary banquets, hungry for a mutton chop; to smack the lips over a tankard of toast and water, and declaim about the mellow produce of the sunny vineyard on the banks of the Rhine; to be a rattling young lover, with the measles at home; and to paint sorrow over, with burnt cork and rouge; without being called upon to despise his vocation too. If he can utter the trash to which he is condemned, with any relish, so much the better for him, Heaven knows; and peace be with him!

A few weeks ago, we went to one of Mr. Whelks's favourite Theatres, to see an attractive Melo-Drama called *May Morning, or The Mystery of 1715, and the Murder!* We had an idea that the former of these titles might refer to the month in which either the Mystery or the Murder happened, but we found it to be the name of the heroine, the pride of Keswick Vale; who was "called May Morning" (after a common custom among the English Peasantry) "from her bright eyes and merry laugh." Of this young lady, it may be observed, in passing, that she subsequently sustained every possible calamity of human existence, in a white muslin gown with blue tucks; and that she did every conceivable and inconceivable thing with a pistol, that could anyhow be effected by that description of fire-arms.

The Theatre was extremely full. The prices of admission were, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the gallery, threepence. The gallery was of enormous dimensions (among the company, in the front row, we observed Mr. Whelks); and overflowing with occupants. It required no close observation of the attentive faces, rising one above another, to the very door in the roof, and squeezed and jammed in, regardless of all discomforts, even there, to impress a stranger with a sense of its being highly desirable to lose no possible chance of effecting any mental improvement in that great audience.

The company in the pit were not very clean or sweet-savoured, but there were some good-humoured young mechanics among them, with their wives. These were generally accompanied by "the baby," inso-

much that the pit was a perfect nursery. No effect made on the stage was so curious, as the looking down on the quiet faces of these babies fast asleep, after looking up at the staring sea of heads in the gallery. There were a good many cold fried soles in the pit, besides; and a variety of flat stone bottles, of all portable sizes.

The audience in the boxes was of much the same character (babies and fish excepted) as the audience in the pit. A private in the Foot Guards sat in the next box; and a personage who wore pins on his coat instead of buttons, and was in such a damp habit of living as to be quite mouldy, was our nearest neighbour. In several parts of the house we noticed some young pickpockets of our acquaintance; but as they were evidently there as private individuals, and not in their public capacity, we were little disturbed by their presence. For we consider the hours of idleness passed by this class of society as so much gain to society at large, and we do not join in a whimsical sort of lamentation that is generally made over them, when they are found to be unoccupied.

As we made these observations the curtain rose, and we were presently in possession of the following particulars.

Sir George Elmore, a melancholy Baronet with every appearance of being in that advanced stage of indigestion in which Mr. Morrison's patients usually are, when they happen to hear, through Mr. Moat, of the surprising effects of his Vegetable Pills, was found to be living in a very large castle, in the society of one round table, two chairs, and Captain George Elmore, "his supposed son, the Child of Mystery, and the Man of Crime." The Captain, in addition to an undutiful habit of bullying his father on all occasions, was a prey to many vices; foremost among which may be mentioned his desertion of his wife, "Estella de Neva, a Spanish lady," and his determination unlawfully to possess himself of May Morning; M. M. being then on the eve of marriage to Will Stanmore, a cheerful sailor, with very loose legs.

The strongest evidence, at first, of the Captain's being the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime was deducible from his boots, which, being very high and wide, and apparently made of sticking-plaister, justified the worst theatrical suspicions to his disadvantage. And indeed he presently turned out as ill as could be desired: getting into May Morning's Cottage by the window after dark; refusing to "unhand" May Morning when required to do so by that lady; waking May Morning's only surviving parent, a blind old gentleman with a black ribbon over his eyes, whom we shall call Mr. Stars, as his name was stated in the bill thus * * * * * *; and showing himself desperately bent on carrying off May Morning by force of arms. Even this was not the worst of the Captain; for, being foiled in his diabolical purpose—temporarily by means of knives and pistols, providentially caught up and directed at him by May Morning, and finally, for the time being, by the advent of Will Stanmore—he caused one Slink, his adherent, to denounce Will Stanmore as a rebel, and got that cheerful mariner carried off, and shut up in prison. At about the same period of the Captain's career, there suddenly appeared in his father's castle, a dark complexioned lady of the name of Manuella, "a Zingara Woman from the Pyrenean mountains; the wild wanderer of the heath, and

the pronouncer of the prophecy," who threw the melancholy baronet, his supposed father, into the greatest confusion by asking him what he had upon his conscience, and by pronouncing mysterious rhymes concerning the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime, to a low trembling of fiddles. Matters were in this state when the Theatre resounded with applause, and Mr. Whelks fell into a fit of unbounded enthusiasm, consequent on the entrance of "Michael the Mendicant."

At first we referred something of the cordiality with which Michael the Mendicant was greeted, to the fact of his being "made up" with an excessively dirty face, which might create a bond of union between himself and a large majority of the audience. But it soon came out that Michael the Mendicant had been hired in old time by Sir George Elmore, to murder his (Sir George Elmore's) elder brother—which he had done; notwithstanding which little affair of honour, Michael was in reality a very good fellow; quite a tender-hearted man; who, on hearing of the Captain's determination to settle Will Stanmore, cried out, "What! more bel-ood!" and fell flat—overpowered by his nice sense of humanity. In like manner, in describing that small error of judgment into which he had allowed himself to be tempted by money, this gentleman exclaimed, "I ster-ruck him down, and fel-ed in er-orror!" and further he remarked, with honest pride, "I have liveder as a beggar—a roadersider vaigerant, but no ker-rime since then has stained these hands!" All these sentiments of the worthy man were hailed with showers of applause; and when, in the excitement of his feelings on one occasion, after a soliloquy, he "went off" *on his back*, kicking and shuffling along the ground, after the manner of bold spirits in trouble, who object to be taken to the station-house, the cheering was tremendous.

And to see how little harm he had done, after all! Sir George Elmore's elder brother was NOT dead. Not he! He recovered, after this sensitive creature had "fel-ed in er-orror," and, putting a black ribbon over his eyes to disguise himself, went and lived in a modest retirement with his only child. In short, Mr. Stars was the identical individual! When Will Stanmore turned out to be the wrongful Sir George Elmore's son, instead of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who turned out to be Michael's son (a change having been effected, in revenge, by the lady from the Pyrenean Mountains, who became the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, in consequence of the wrongful Sir George Elmore's perfidy to her and desertion of her), Mr. Stars went up to the Castle, and mentioned to his murdering brother how it was. Mr. Stars said it was all right; he bore no malice; he had kept out of the way, in order that his murdering brother (to whose numerous virtues he was no stranger) might enjoy the property; and now he would propose that they should make it up and dine together. The murdering brother immediately consented, embraced the Wild Wanderer, and it is supposed sent instructions to Doctors' Commons for a license to marry her. After which, they were all very comfortable indeed. For it is not much to try to murder your brother for the sake of his property, if you only suborn such a delicate assassin as Michael the Mendicant!

All this did not tend to the satisfaction of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who was so little pleased by the general happiness, that he shot Will Stanmore, now joyfully out of prison and going to be married directly to May Morning, and carried off the body, and May Morning to boot, to a lone hut. Here, Will Stanmore, laid out for dead at fifteen minutes past twelve, p.m., arose at seventeen minutes past, infinitely fresher than most daisies, and fought two strong men single-handed. However, the Wild Wanderer, arriving with a party of male wild wanderers, who were always at her disposal—and the murdering brother arriving arm-in-arm with Mr. Stars—stopped the combat, confounded the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, and blessed the lovers.

The adventures of *Red Riven the Bandit* concluded the moral lesson of the evening. But, feeling by this time a little fatigued, and believing that we already discerned in the countenance of Mr. Whelks a sufficient confusion between right and wrong to last him for one night, we retired: the rather as we intended to meet him, shortly, at another place of dramatic entertainment for the people.

(To be continued)

SQUEERS AS A MODEL

MANY unkind things have been said from time to time about Squeers and his methods. But perhaps, after all, it was not that those he adopted in order to emphasize a lesson were really so drastic, so much as possibly he himself was in advance of the times. At any rate, this would seem to be the opinion held by Mr. J. A. Ewing, LL.D., F.R.S., Director of Naval Education, who, in the course of a lecture at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, recently, on "The New Scheme of Naval Training," said:—

"We aim at making practice and theory go hand in hand. The boy does not get all his knowledge ready made out of books or from the lips of his teachers; he is brought into contact with real objects, and is taught to find out things for himself. One might say that in this respect we follow the plans of an early master of scholastic method, whose services to education have never met with the appreciation they deserve, because he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of an unsympathetic biographer: I mean Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. It was a crude method of blending theory with practice to make the boys spell 'botany,' and then go and weed the garden; to make them spell 'window,' and go and clean it; but it is on lines not entirely unlike these that some of the best features of modern education have been developed. In the presence of the captains of both colleges I hasten to add that we do not copy Squeers in matters of discipline or dietary."

A similar idea was expressed in an article on the Education Bill by Mr. J. W. T. Ley in our May issue. After quoting the "winder"-cleaning passage, he added, "This was written in a spirit of the sharpest satire, but it is remarkable how nearly it illustrates the most approved modern system of practical education."

JOHN L. TOOLE AND DICKENS

By J. W. T. LEY

BY the death of Mr. J. L. Toole the Dickens Fellowship has lost one of its most valued Vice-Presidents. Owing to the ill-health from which he had suffered for years past he could not, of course, take any active part in the work of the Fellowship, but again and again he showed a real interest and sympathy. Every movement inaugurated by us received his encouragement and practical assistance; at our annual Birthday Celebration his telegram of greeting was never missing, and recently he had shown a keen interest in our Dramatic Club, of which he was President. His death, following so closely upon that of his life-long friend Sir Henry Irving, is an irreparable loss to the Fellowship.

It is a curious coincidence that not only did Irving and Toole achieve some of their earliest successes in Dickensian rôles, but in both cases Dickens was one of the first to recognize their merits and capabilities for the stage. In 1852, when Toole was only twenty years old, and was still an unknown City clerk, Dickens was asked to go to Walworth "to see a youth rehearse who was supposed to have talents for the stage." At some inconvenience he went, and, says Forster, "he was able to gladden Mr. Toole's friends by thinking favourably of his chances of success." "I remember what I once myself wanted in that way," he said, "and I should like to serve him." Mr. Toole never forgot this early encouragement, and never referred to it without some expression of gratitude. A few years later, when he had achieved some success as an actor, he was again indebted to the novelist, for it was owing to Dickens's strong recommendation to Benjamin Webster that Mr. Toole was given his first engagement at the Adelphi.

Of course, Mr. Toole enjoyed the friendship of Boz, and always spoke of him with the same enthusiasm as is shown by all who enjoyed that privilege. All his life he was an admirer of the novels, and in his *Reminiscences* he says, "I am not a great reader—never have much time to read books except those belonging to the parts I play; but I have experienced intense enjoyment over the wonderful stories of Dickens. What always delights me with his work are his perfect studies of character; to me this side of his art is the most fascinating. To have known from his own lips that he approved of my efforts to realize some of his creations on the stage has always given me the greatest satisfaction."

The present generation has no knowledge of Mr. Toole's impersonations of Dickens characters, but it is not claiming too much to assert that no actor has done more or met with more success in such rôles; and the fact that Dickens approved of his efforts is the highest tribute that can be paid to him, for it is known that the novelist was by no means easy to please in such matters. For the fact that Dickens did approve we have not only Mr. Toole's own words, but Dickens's statement that all the time he was writing *Great Expectations*, he had the famous actor in his mind for the part of Joe Gargery.

Of the various adaptations of Dickens's books in which Mr. Toole appeared, there is not, so far as we know, any complete list, but he appeared in versions of every one of the five Christmas books—as Bob

Cratchit, in *A Christmas Carol;* as Caleb Plummer, in *The Cricket on the Hearth;* as Trotty Veck, in *The Chimes;* as Ben Britain, in *The Battle of Life;* and as Tetterby, in *The Haunted Man.* Of these, far and away the most successful was Caleb Plummer. It was the first departure that he had made from pure comedy, and he has recorded how he feared that he was making a new departure that he might perhaps not justify. "I read Dickens, and tried at home and while about in the streets to put myself in the position of Caleb. I think I

JOHN L. TOOLE AS THE "ARTFUL DODGER"
FROM A DRAWING BY F. G. KITTON

succeeded in getting inside the part. I know I felt for the sufferings of the poor old chap, and did my best to make my audience feel them, and if applause was any criterion that I had satisfied them, I had plenty of it, a very hearty call at the close, and next day the highest commendations of the Press." That he had a real affection for this part is shown again and again in his *Reminiscences.* "I feel the sorrows of Caleb Plummer sincerely, and always did; but of late years I feel quite grieved for him. I think the scene between the three—his daughter, himself, and Dot—where she confesses her love for Tackleton, and I have to tell her what he is, and when I know that my deceptions are at last discovered, are very beautiful; but the return of

the boy who was thought to be drowned, coming on the top of the daughter's forgiveness, is altogether a most heart-stirring scene." This piece was always one of the most popular in Mr. Toole's repertoire, and he himself once hesitated to estimate how many times he had appeared in it.

Another of his most famous impersonations was that of the Artful Dodger in *Oliver Twist*, which for years was tremendously popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Of this part Mr. Toole told many amusing stories. The trousers he wore were what he called a "first-rate property, really old from age, no patches, no artificial rags, the dilapidations the real work of time . . . eighty years old if they are a day." They had an interesting pedigree, and had been worn on the stage by famous actors before Mr. Toole was born. On one occasion in America when he was playing in *Oliver Twist*, Mr. Toole noticed a man in the wings who wept throughout the performance. "There was no mistake about it, he wept; and when I came off he mopped his face with his handkerchief and said, 'Oh, Mr. Toole, you must excuse me. I can't help it; you must remember me years ago; it turned me right over to see those trousers again! I was the wardrobe keeper at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, thirty years ago, when first you played the Dodger there . . . When I saw those trousers, I was reminded of my dear old home in Scotland. and I couldn't have helped crying had it been to save my life." One of Mr. Toole's treasured possessions, by the way, was a portrait of himself in this character, painted in America, in which he was represented as standing in a street, on one side of which was Drury Lane Theatre, and on the other St. Paul's Cathedral.

One other of his Dickensian impersonations must not be overlooked, namely, that of Serjeant Buzfuz. For years the famous trial scene, with Mr. Toole in the leading part, was one of the most popular items at benefit performances, and many famous persons have sat in the jury box on such occasions.

Mr. Toole owned many valuable items of Dickensiana, and one of these was a large model of the "King's Head" at Chigwell, better known as the "Maypole" of *Barnaby Rudge*, with models of the principal characters in the novel. It was formerly in the dining-room of the "Hen and Chickens," Birmingham, and Dickens saw it there and admired it. Mr. Toole knowing of this, at once tried to purchase it with a view to presenting it to the novelist, but the landlord refused to part with it at any price. Some years later, however, when the landlord retired from the "Hen and Chickens," he sent it to the actor, but Dickens had been laid to rest in the Abbey, and so Mr. Toole's object was frustrated. This is one instance of the generosity for which he was so famous. Another instance was the purchase of the famous "grangerized" Forster's *Life of Dickens*. Irving had admired it, and regretted his inability to purchase it. At once his friend bought it and presented it to the great tragedian, and it will be remembered that at the recent sale it fetched a very high price.

By the death of Mr. Toole the stage has lost one of its greatest ornaments, many individuals have lost a genuine friend, and one more link in the gradually shortening chain that connects the present generation with that that knew Charles Dickens has snapped.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF DICKENS

By W. A. FRASER

III

GEORGE CATTERMOLE

GEORGE CATTERMOLE has a claim upon the remembrance of all lovers of Dickens owing to his artistic association with *Master Humphrey's Clock*. Of the one hundred and ninety-four illustrations contained in this work thirty-nine were designed by him, these comprising fourteen for *The Old Curiosity Shop*, fifteen for *Barnaby Rudge*, and ten for the *Clock* chapters. Nothing could be happier than his drawings of the Maypole Inn, the interior of the Old Curiosity Shop and Quilp's Wharf. These are triumphs in their way, and bear evidence of very remarkable talents on the part of the artist, more especially as his real strength lay in water-colour painting, and not in black-and-white. Cattermole was quite unaccustomed to drawing upon the wood-block, and therefore executed his designs upon paper, to be afterwards copied upon wood by a practised hand. For this purpose the pencil of Hablôt K. Browne ("Phiz") was made available. The best-known and most-admired drawing made by Cattermole for Dickens is contained in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and depicts the figure of little Nell lying dead. The artist made two or three studies for this illustration before he succeeded in satisfying the author, who naturally attached the greatest importance to this design. "I want it," he wrote to the artist, "to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can." The finished and accepted design is as nearly perfect as possible. Cattermole had a most difficult feat to accomplish, but he has succeeded to admiration. It would have been absolutely beyond the powers of "Phiz" or George Cruikshank; the only other artist then living that could have even approached Cattermole in the execution of this most touching and beautiful picture was John (afterwards Sir John) Gilbert, a most admirable artist. We have always regretted that he never illustrated the works of Charles Dickens, beyond the sixteen plates he did for *Pickwick* at the time there was a rage for issuing separate sets of designs for that work. Many of these depict the spirit of the book as cleverly as any that have been drawn for it. Much of his best and finest black-and-white work is to be found in the earliest volumes of *The Illustrated London News*, which he enriched with his vigorous, facile pencil and which owes much of its early success to him.

It is to be feared that Cattermole is almost forgotten in these days, but he was one of the most distinguished artists of his time in water-colour painting. In 1833 he was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and in 1839 he had achieved such distinction in his art that he was offered the honour of knighthood—an honour which he modestly declined.

Cattermole was associated with Hablôt K. Browne in the illustration of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. The architectural subjects were for the most part drawn by Cattermole, and they reveal wonderful powers of delineation, although it is clearly evident that the designs have lost much in the process of reproduction. It scarcely

requires the eye of an artist to perceive at a glance how beautiful the vast majority of Cattermole's designs would be if water-colours were the medium and not black-and-white.

In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, to which he contributed fourteen designs, Cattermole had the best opportunity for the display of his remarkable abilities, and it is hardly possible to overpraise the work executed by him to adorn the pages of this enchanting little story—one of the most touching and beautiful narratives in the English language. Cattermole's drawings compare very favourably with those of Hablôt K. Browne. He does not very often draw a number of figures in his designs, but when he does they are always most carefully depicted, and have no trace of exaggeration or caricature about them. We can only regret that he was not entrusted with the whole task of illustrating these stories, since it is evident that he was quite equal to the work. There can be no question that Cattermole was a greater artist than "Phiz."

The old churches and the ancient buildings drawn by Cattermole are most picturesque. What a romantic gloom, what a free hand, and what a flowing pencil, and how carefully the detail has been worked out! It is impossible to overpraise these little pictures. The two most exquisite illustrations in the book are first the one in which the "gentle, noble Nell" is shown to us lying dead in the ancient room, with the sprays of holly on the bed, and secondly, her broken-hearted old grandfather in the church. The figure of the grief-stricken old man could not be improved upon. It is deeply touching and pathetic, while the interior of the church is all that could be desired. It requires but a very elementary and superficial knowledge of art to see that these two drawings would make most charming and delightful water-colour paintings—a medium far better suited to the artist's powers than black-and-white, in which he could not do himself entire justice.

George Cattermole did good artistic work in *Barnaby Rudge*, and if he had fewer opportunities for the display of his peculiar skill in architectural drawings, yet he made the most of the chances given to him. The Maypole Inn (an exceedingly graceful, artistic production), the exterior of the locksmith's house, the mansion of Mr. Haredale, Sir John Chester sitting before the ancient carved chimney-piece at the "Maypole"—all these illustrations are deserving of admiring examination and study. Mention may also be made of the scene in Westminster Hall, Lord George Gordon in the Tower (a most excellent design), the duel between Mr. Haredale and Sir John Chester, and the conflict of the rioters and the military in the old Fleet Market. In this picture Hugh is shown as a prisoner bound upon a horse and escorted by horse-soldiers to jail. The background is merely an outline drawing with a very slight indication of the foot-soldiers firing upon the mob, but the figures in the foreground are carefully executed and the horses are admirable.

For the first cheap edition of *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1848) Cattermole prepared a special design as the frontispiece depicting "Little Nell in the Church." Dickens also commissioned Cattermole to make two water-colour drawings of scenes in this story (a great favourite with its author), one representing "Little Nell's Home," the other portraying "Little Nell's Grave" in the old church. These were, as might have

been expected, most excellent examples of the artist's work, and were highly valued by the great novelist, who in a letter to the artist expressed the warmest approval.

It is to be regretted that Cattermole did not illustrate some of the later works of Dickens. Most assuredly the charge of exaggeration could never have been brought against any work executed by him, and although not an avowed figure artist he had quite sufficient skill for the purpose, as he proved not only in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, but also in *Barnaby Rudge*. Full justice had never been done to Cattermole's work for Dickens. It has been overshadowed by that of "Phiz," and the careless reader frequently confuses the work of the two artists, thereby doing too much honour to "H. K. B." and too little to George Cattermole, who was unquestionably a man of rare artistic insight and gifted with very remarkable and unusual powers. Of a singularly modest and retiring disposition, he kept himself in the background, and though devoted to his art did not push his own fortunes as lesser men so often do, and failing health and acute suffering darkened the closing years of an anxious, laborious life.

CRUIKSHANK, "PHIZ," AND MODERN TASTE

By KAY WHITE

HOW unfortunate we are! "The lay mind," for the last seventy years, has been ignorantly content with coarse caricature and grotesque exaggeration, in regard to the pictorial illustrations of the works of our favourite author. It is really very sad to reflect—a reflection which should induce self-examination and repentance—that so much complacent approval should have been wasted in the bad old times of the last two generations. They have lived and loved in very purblind condition; being, as the Rev. Mr. Chadband would observe, "devoid of that light that shines in upon some of us"—the light of modern taste.

We may not presume to understand the art-culture of the twentieth century; we are content to sit in the semi-darkness of the nineteenth; and can still enjoy the cherished associations of the bad old school, even the unsurpassable ugliness of Cruikshank and the uninspiring mediocrity of Hablôt Knight Browne.

And yet some of us know something of the great masters of art, and can admire the varied genius which adorns the grand galleries of Europe; though perchance, with uncultured judgment, we may prefer Greuze to Rembrandt, Murillo to Rubens, or Maclise to Hogarth.

Apropos of the illustrations by George Cruikshank to *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*, we erroneously fancied we could discern a delightful raciness and accuracy of observation in these old etchings, fairly correspondent with the descriptive humour of the Dickensian text; and even now we cannot willingly dissociate the two—with apologies to modern taste.

Early in Victorian times a "Navvy" professed a general liking for his usual beverage. In a spirit of broad toleration he remarked, "All Beer is good, but some Beers is better than other Beers." There is wisdom in the statement, applicable to the subject in hand. Humbly subject to correction, we may say of the pictures—all are good, but

some are better than others. There is no need to depreciate the latter, while the "some" may command our more cordial approbation. Again with apologies as above.

An opinion may be deferentially advanced that the illustrations to *Oliver Twist* develop a decided improvement in style and finish, on those contained in *Sketches by Boz*, by reason of their carefulness of delineation and characterization; but this venture must be taken as it is proposed—*cum grano salis*—in view of the ultimatum (as pronounced in your May number) of up-to-date criticism in reference to the same: "Except in one instance, their coarseness is not even redeemed by powerful and impressive drawing!"

In reference to the chosen illustrator of *Pickwick* (furnishing from first to last upwards of 400 designs in connexion with the name and fame of Dickens) Mr. Forster observes: "Before the fourth number, a choice had been made, which, as time went on, was so thoroughly justified, that through the greater part of the wonderful career which was then beginning, the connection was kept up; and Mr. Hablôt Browne's name is not unworthily associated with the masterpieces of Dickens's genius."

Alas for John Forster, that he had no opportunity of consulting the better taste and knowledge of present-day discrimination (as afforded in your July number), and correcting his greatly mistaken ideas thereby.

It may so far be true that in *Pickwick*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Phiz" did not adequately—in some instances—rise to the dignity of the occasion; yet we dullards of the olden time (1836 to 1840) were more than content, found no fault, and were thankful for all mercies.

But, from the more elevated standpoint of modern thought, we must now change our minds, and regard with the pitying smile of maturer judgment that crass and untutored complacency, and learn to estimate with befitting contempt, such a collection of freaks and monstrosities, weak, vulgar, and depressing.

In the days of past ignorance, we believed it to be tolerably certain that in *Martin Chuzzlewit* a distinct advance was apparent throughout the book, in design and execution. Here again we were at fault, for it is now oracularly decided that, with the exception of two illustrations, those that follow are, for the most part, feeble in drawing and full of exaggeration.

In allusion to *Dombey and Son*, *Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*, your July contributor "damns" the artist "with faint praise"; and, in the case of *The Tale of Two Cities*, the author himself shares in the condemnation.

Plainly speaking, I would respectfully contend that this authoritative style of grudging animadversion overshoots the mark, and is altogether unsatisfactory and futile. Those of us who, during the last sixty years, eagerly waited for the first day of each successive month, bringing its quota of never-failing delight, can remember with what special enjoyment we analysed the thought and feeling evinced in the sympathetic skill of the artist, not forgetting his minor pictorial accessories, enhancing the general effect. Long and loving association supersedes hypercriticism, and creates an appreciation far above and beyond it.

TIM LINKINWATER'S BIRTHDAY

READERS of *The Dickensian* will remember in the April issue of last year we drew attention over two well-known initials to the existence still of a brand of port wine referred to in a certain scene in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and how proud the proprietors of this particular wine were at being associated with, and immortalized by, Dickens, in whose day it was known, as it is to-day, as "The Double Diamond Port." The incident in which it is mentioned is on the occasion of the dinner given by the Brothers Cheeryble to Tim Linkinwater on his birthday. The company consisted of the two benevolent old brothers, Tim, Tim's superannuated bank-clerk friend, Nicholas, and Tim's sister. Brother Ned took the head of the table and Brother Charles the foot;

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE'S DINNER PARTY

Tim Linkinwater's sister sat on the left hand of Brother Ned, and Tim Linkinwater himself on his right; and an ancient butler of apoplectic appearance, and with very short legs, took up his position at the back of Brother Ned's arm-chair. After the dinner had progressed in a jovial manner a little while, and certain toasts drunk, Brother Ned said, "David."

"Sir," replied the butler.

"A magnum of the double diamond, David, to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater."

It is this identical scene which Messrs. Morgan, the present proprietors of that very brand, have had pictured by way of associating their wine with the incident, and which we are, through their courtesy, able to reproduce here. It is delightfully and realistically depicted, and will be welcomed here by Dickensians as another illustration to the famous book, if for no other reason. B. W. M.

THE PICKWICKIAN DYNASTY

AFTER the school which the author of *Waverley* may be said to have founded had lasted for some time, our modern novel developed itself in two new directions. (1) The past was discarded for the present, persons from the lower classes were brought prominently forward, and portraiture was aimed at more than narrative. (2) The interest both of narrative and character was subordinated to some thoughtful purpose, or some system of opinions which the author was desirous of forwarding or expounding.

Sir Walter Scott had many worthy successors; he who rose to found a new dynasty was Charles Dickens. Enough of history; enough of courts; enough of your Stuarts, their piety or their profligacy; the stream of life is passing by us, broader than ever, and we can look at it with our eyes: let us look at our own profligates, they may be quite as well worth studying as those of the Stuart dynasty; and whereas the life of ladies and gentlemen, young and old, appears to be almost exhausted, let us look at large over mere men and women; haply wherever there is a face grinning with delight, or wan with sorrow, there may be something worth our knowledge, our sympathy, perhaps our admiration. Dickens led the Muse out into the street, or the Muse led him; she took her course up Fleet Street, dived into the Borough, and turned into the courtyard of a miserable old inn; there she found Sam Weller cleaning boots. Many an elegant novelist, while the travelling-carriage stopped to change horses, had glanced at some such figure, and noted an accidental oddity of manner or of speech; Charles Dickens loitered up the yard, entered into conversation, got into the very heart of the man, chose him for his hero, and presented him before the world at large. The world at large received him with open arms. The *Pickwick Papers* not only have no skilfully constructed plot, but a disaster occurred to such plot or plan as had been formed, and it stands before us like a half-built house, of which one wing only has been completed. No one troubles himself about this; no one seems at all afflicted by this imperfect *dénouement*, this "arrested development" of the story. Every reader will tell you that all he knows about the matter is, that he has made acquaintance with Sam Weller and several other remarkable persons, and that he shall never forget them as long as he lives. There lies the greatest triumph a novelist can have. A more artistic structure would have been an additional charm, and other novels of Dickens possess this additional merit: but it is a merit we scarcely think of; we are engrossed with a few favourite personages, are delighted when they appear, look with eagerness for their return, and, when the book is closed, have some vague impression that we may possibly catch sight of them somewhere about the world. The truthful representation, and the artistic structure of the story, are, we see, two very different things.

* * *

From the *Iliad* down to the narrative of Esther Summerson in *Bleak House* (which, as an artistic invention, would be pronounced utterly indefensible, but over which old men's eyes have filled with tears), it is the poet who teaches us what can be done or created in art.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1858.

RHENISH AND SWISS DICKENS-LAND

By ROBERT ALLBUT
AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN DICKENS-LAND," ETC.

II

WE will now accompany the novelist on a short trip he took the next week, on the Lake to the Castle of Chillon. It stands at the eastern end, on an isolated rock, near Villeneuve, at a short distance from the shore, with which it is connected by an old wooden bridge. Here for six years was incarcerated Bonnivard, the Prior of Victor, sixteenth century (*vide* Byron's well-known poem *The Prisoner of Chillon*). On the occasion referred to Dickens gives the following description: "The insupportable solitude and dreariness of the white halls and towers, the sluggish moat and drawbridge, and the lonely ramparts I never saw the like of. But there is a courtyard inside, surrounded by prisons, oubliettes, and old chambers of torture; so terrifically sad that death itself is not more sorrowful. And oh! a wicked old Grand Duke's bedchamber upstairs in the tower, with a secret staircase down into the Chapel, where the Bats were wheeling about; and Bonnivard's dungeon; and a horrible trap, whence prisoners were cast out into the Lake; and a stake, all burnt and crackled up, that still stands in the torture ante-chamber to the Saloon of Justice. The greatest mystery in all this earth to me is how or why the world was tolerated by its creator through the good old times, and was not dashed to fragments."

Dickens often found his best inspiration in the streets of a city, and accordingly found it convenient to make occasional visits to Geneva, only twenty-four miles away, easily accessible by lake or road. Seven years later, October, 1853, when Dickens revisited Switzerland, he again came to Geneva, whence he excursionized a second time to Chamonix and the Mer de Glace. On the occasion of that second visit, he came to Berne, the Swiss capital, which in a London letter he describes as "a surprisingly picturesque old town, with a view of the Alps from the outside of it, singularly beautiful in the morning light."

He was accompanied by his two friends Augustus Egg and Wilkie Collins, little being made of the fatigue and much of the enjoyment of the occasion. Writing home, he said: "I walked the greater part of the way, which was like going up the Monument." Presumably, he referred to the ascent of the Montanvert, upwards of 6300 feet, overlooking the Mer de Glace, which comes down from three upper glaciers, descending to the valley in a sea of ice.

A commodious hotel (built 1870) now occupies a prominent and commanding position on the Montanvert, from which the great frozen sea, with its icy waves sparkling and glittering in sunshine, or moonlight, can well be seen. The old Montanvert Inn was a very primitive building in the time of Charles Dickens. It served its purpose for thirty years previous to the opening of the new hotel, and is still *in esse* near at hand. This little stone shanty has, in its former days, received many visitors of note, including the Emperor Napoleon III, the Empress Eugenie, Professors Forbes and Tyndall, Wilkie Collins, *Charles Dickens*, myself (!), and other personages of distinction. I

recollect an occasion when I made an early start from Chamonix, ascending the Montanvert, intending *déjeuner* at the top. On inquiry I found (like Mrs. Hubbard of kindly memory) that "*the cupboard was bare.*" I was too previous—no coffee, no tea, no meat, no butter; only some sour *vin ordinaire*, bread, cognac, and Gruyère. It was a case of Hobson's choice; so, being sharp-set after my climb, I made a most delightful breakfast, which I still remember with pleasure, on bread and cheese, and weak brandy and water. I don't, however, recommend this for a continuance. A week of it would weaken digestion. The weaker you mix it the better. But you see there are times when it's as well to leave well alone.

Dickens and his friends, when visiting Chamonix on the occasion referred to, stayed at the Hôtel de Londres, not far from which there has been since erected the Monument of Saussure. To this hotel he refers in his Christmas story of *The Holly Tree Inn:* "That was a good Inn, too, with the kind, cheerful landlady and the honest landlord, where I lived in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and where one of the apartments has a zoological papering on the walls not accurately joined. The elephant occasionally rejoices in a tiger's hind legs and tail, while the lion put on a trunk and tusks; and the bear, moulting as it were, appears, as to portions of himself, like a leopard! I made several American friends at that Inn, who all called Mont Blanc 'Mount Blank,' except one good-humoured gentleman of a very sociable nature, who became on such intimate terms with it, that he spoke familiarly of it as 'Blank,' observing at breakfast, 'Blank looks pretty tall this morning,' or considerably doubting in the courtyard in the evening 'whether there warn't some go-ahead naters in our country, sir, that would make out the top of Blank in a couple of hours from first start—now!'"

Dickens himself never "made out the top of Blank"; he was an untiring pedestrian, but, as a mountaineer, he drew the line at the snow-line in fact; and satisfied his excelsior aspirations by looking on in preference to climbing up. He and his friends made a noteworthy expedition of four days from Lausanne, which he describes in an autumnal letter to Forster. A trip to the Great St. Bernard. Eleven in party and two servants, including Mr. and Mrs. Cerjat, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and Mr. Haldimand.

But here I would bethink myself of the homeward travel by Charles Dickens in 1845, coming back from Italy, which he described in a midsummer letter from Lucerne. We will therefore now transport ourselves to the neighbourhood of St. Gothard.

This central route was taken by Dickens, per carriage through the Ticino Valley to Airolo, thence over the pass, via Hospenthal and Andermatt. Nowadays *nous avons changé tout cela*, and ride all in a hurry, nine miles through the mountains, by the Great St. Gothard Tunnel from Airolo to Goeschenen, in twenty minutes. The St. Gothard Railway was opened on 1 June, 1882, when I had the pleasure of travelling by the first train connecting Milan with Lucerne. But, thirty-seven years previously, Dickens necessarily adopted the more primitive mode of progression, to which he thus refers:—

"We came over the St. Gothard, which has been open only eight days. The road is cut through the snow, and the carriage winds along

a narrow path between two massive snow-walls, twenty feet high or more. Vast plains of snow range up the mountain sides above the road, itself 7000 feet above the sea; and tremendous waterfalls hewing out arches for themselves in the vast drifts, go thundering down from precipices into deep chasms, here and there and everywhere; the blue water tearing through the white snow with an awful beauty that is most sublime." In writing this, Dickens evidently had special mental reference to the Cascade of theReuss (near the Devil's Bridge), which here dashes downward "between walls of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass": one of the grandest waterfalls in Switzerland. The bridge itself, with its single arch of massive granite, spans the wild and romantic abyss of the river a hundred feet below.

There is a counterfeit presentment of his Satanic Majesty roughly but effectively sketched, high up on the face of the rock, with tail and horns complete, as a suitable reminder of its origin.

Dickens continued: "The Pass itself is not, I think, so fine as the Simplon. But, being much higher, the ascent and descent range over a much greater space of country; and on both sides there are places of terrible grandeur unsurpassable, I should imagine, in the world. The whole descent between Andermatt, where we slept, and Altdorf, is the highest sublimation of all you can imagine in the way of Swiss scenery. What a beautiful country it is!"

On arrival at Lucerne, Charles Dickens sent on the letter to which reference has been made, starting homeward a few days later, and travelling by the Luxembourg route to Brussels. The family party were met in the Belgian capital by Forster, Douglas Jerrold, and Maclise, and passed a jolly week in Flanders together before returning to London at the end of June.

AN EXAMINATION IN DICKENS'S WORKS

[The latest date for receiving papers for this month is 18 September]

IX—BLEAK HOUSE

1. What two different characters rendered melodies of the same authorship?
2. Name the person whose matrimonial intentions were unacceptable to the party concerned; also name the lady to whom he was eventually engaged.
3. What was the third question in the Church Catechism, according to the version of a South London resident?
4. Give references to Milton's *Comus*, Jacob's Dream, the Great Wall of China, Ascension Island, character in Bunyan's well-known allegory, Fortunatus's purse, and Second Cataract of the Nile.
5. How were the sentiments of a Lincolnshire visitor illustrated by alphabetical letters?
6. Quote a professional *jeu de mot* in reference to a postal clearance.
7. A lady named Caroline—other than "Caddy"—is more than once mentioned in this book. Who was she?
8. Give name and condition of lady once suggested as a suitable wife for a broad-chested friend.
9. What locality in London afforded to a business resident a favourite summer-time resort?
10. Furnish names of two public-houses, in London and country respectively, associated with this tale, and the names of their respective landlords.
11. Quote adapted phrase from *Hamlet* in reference to a lady of fashion; also allusions to Ariel, Othello, Yorick, and Cæsar's wife.
12. What description of cocked hat was once sent from London to a military gentleman in the West of England?
13. Who was Stubbs? With what kind of coat was he attired?

14. For whom did Mr. Jarndyce predict the realization of a New Testament promise?
15. When and by whom was Esther invested with regal honours?
16. Give a character sketch of Mrs. Bagnet in not more than one hundred words.
17. What place of fashionable repute is spoken of as a "dreary city"?
18. Quote instance of some terms of a prayer being transformed to a curse.
19. On what occasion did a medical man animadvert on the workhouse system of admission?
20. Furnish allusions to the Porte de l'Etoile, and the Cathédrale de Notre Dame.

RESULT OF COMPETITION VIII

VIII—DAVID COPPERFIELD—ANSWERS

1. *Mr. Mills:* "Always doing something to annoy" (Chap. 41). *Page-boy at Highgate:* "A source of continual trouble" (Chap. 48).
2. *Mrs. Barkis* entertained the probability of his "running away again"; Coach-fare from Canterbury was "*to be had for the asking*" (Chap. 17).
3. "*A reg'lar Dodman,*" said Mr. Peggotty, by which he meant *snail* (Chap. 7).
4. When "left till called" for at London coach-office; "*more solitary than Robinson Crusoe*" (Chap. 5). And in his early days of possession at Buckingham Street, "*Like Robinson Crusoe*" (Chap. 24).
5. *Charley Pyegrave*, spoken of by Miss Mowcher (Chap. 22).
6. Inn at Canterbury at which Mr. Dick slept when visiting David. The name reads by misprint (Chap. 17) "*the county inn.*" This should be "*the County Inn*" —30 High Street.
7. To Mr. Peggotty on his first introduction; in reference to his (David's) mother—"*She desired her compliments*" (Chap. 3).
8. "*The Orfling*" met David sometimes on *London Bridge*, "to be told . . . fictions respecting the wharves and the Tower" (Chap. 11).
9. *Yarmouth* (Chaps. 22 and 32). *Norwich* (Chap. 32). *Southampton* (Chap. 61).
10. "The apparition of an armed head in *Macbeth*" (Chap. 18). Also reference by *Steerforth*, "Why being gone, I am a man again," etc. (Chap. 22).
11. He thought it well "to come on and *see the Cathedral*"; and on account of the "probability of *something turning up* in a Cathedral town." "*Heep* is a young fellow who might be *attorney-general*" (Chap. 17).
12. "She thought Shakespeare *a terrible fellow*" (Chap. 48).
13. See allusion to *South-town ferry*, landing "on a flat between the town and the sea" (*South Downs*); "Mr. Peggotty's house being on that waste place, not a hundred yards out of my track" (Chap. 22).
14. When *Mrs. Barkis* was leaving London: "Tell the pretty little *angel*," etc. (Chap. 37). At *Miss Dartle's* interview with David (Chap. 46): "*This devil*, whom you make an angel."
15. It may have been his birthday when he ordered "a glass of the Genuine Stunning" (Chap. 11). Also previous to an important interview relative to Dora: "a gentle stimulant . . . *a glass of ale*" (Chap. 41).
16. "*The Obelisk* in the Blackfriars Road" (Chap. 12).
17. Samson (Chap. 61). Fatima (Chap. 22). Black Prince (Chap. 52). Aladdin's Palace (Chap. 3). Burns, "*the immortal exciseman*" (Chap. 49).
18. By a Dover boatman: "Seen to mount a broom . . . and make direct for Calais" (Chap. 13).
19. *The King's Bench Prison.* Haven "of domestic peace and tranquillity" (Chap. 49).
20. Miss Mowcher took "the Coach from London, as it came through Norwich" (Chap. 32). *Name of Night-Coach*—"*the Farmer*" (Chap. 9).

THE SIX LEADING COMPETITORS

Miss M. M. Fowler . .	1791	Miss F. Innocent . . .	1677
Mrs. E. M. Hill . .	1773	Miss Maria Neidermann .	1653
Miss W. M. Nash . .	1766	Mr. W. J. Eady . . .	1643

The next two in order have 1562 and 1558 marks respectively.

Next month the competition will be devoted to two books: *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend;* ten questions to each. [Ed.]

SOME NEW DICKENS POST CARDS

AN interesting addition to "Dickens" cartophily is the card, which we are enabled to reproduce through the courtesy of *The Picture Post Card* magazine, issued in commemoration of the visit of the Dickens Fellowship to Bath on the anniversary of the novelist's death. The picture is from a photograph taken by Mr. C. Van Noorden, a member of the Fellowship. It represents the visitors and their entertainers in The Crescent, a spot rendered ever memorable by the adventure of Mr. Winkle with the slammed-to door and the fair Mrs. Dowler. The cards are executed by the bromide process, and, as the edition is strictly limited, they sell at sixpence each, and may be had of Messrs. Samuel, 150 Strand, London.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT THE CRESCENT, BATH

We have also received from Messrs. Spashett's, of Lowestoft, a series of six excellent photographic cards of Blundeston, the scene of David Copperfield's early days. They include the Church (exterior and interior), the Sundial, the Village, the Rookery, and the Pound. The price of each is twopence. They have also three coloured ones, price one penny each.

DICKENS AND THE PICKPOCKET

CHARLES DICKENS, during one of his visits to Paris, had his watch stolen from him at the theatre. This watch had been given him by the Queen, and was, therefore, very much prized by him. On returning to his hotel, Dickens found a small parcel waiting him, to which was pinned the following note:—

"SIR,—I hope you will excuse me, but I assure you I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it as much as lies in my power, by returning you herewith the watch I stole from you. I beg you to accept the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant

"A PICKPOCKET."

THE NATIONAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

THE most elaborate and complete edition of the works of Charles Dickens which has yet been published is announced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is to be called the National Edition, and is designed to rank as the final and definitive edition of his works, and to serve as a worthy memorial to the connexion which has subsisted for over seventy years between that firm and the immortal memory of Charles Dickens. It is to be strictly limited to 750 copies, and is likely to take its place in a very short time among those treasures of the book-lover which change hands at highly enhanced prices.

The text used is that which was corrected by Charles Dickens himself in the last two years of his life, and therefore contains all the copyright emendations which he made when the volumes passed for the last time through his hands.

The edition will contain all the collected papers from whatever source that seem worthy of permanent association with the name of their author, the most notable of these being all Dickens's contributions to *Household Words*, some ninety in number, *which have recently been identified for the first time by indisputable evidence;* the plays and poems of Charles Dickens; many scattered papers from his pen from the *Examiner*, *All the Year Round*, and other sources; his Life by John Forster; the Letters edited by his sister-in-law, Miss Georgina Hogarth, and his eldest daughter, whilst those to Wilkie Collins, subsequently published, will be added in their proper place in the series; the whole of Dickens's speeches, as collected by Richard Herne Shepherd.

As regards the choice of illustrations, the Publishers' plan has been to include only those pictures which were drawn for their editions during the life of the author, and which may therefore be held to have received his personal approbation. Under this arrangement they are able to reproduce for the first time in a Collected Edition a number of illustrations not usually associated with the novels, and the utmost care has been taken to do justice to the artists' workmanship.

The additional character-portraits drawn by Phiz, Frank Stone, A.R.A., and others, as well as the frontispieces especially drawn for the first cheap edition, and a number of interesting title-pages, vignettes, and designs for the decoration of the different early editions, are among these, together with a complete set of the original wrappers and of the covers to the "People's Edition," which have been used for the covers of *The Dickensian* this year, printed on paper of the same colour and quality as the originals.

The edition therefore may claim to represent all the authoritative literature emanating from the pen of Dickens, there being in all upwards of 130 articles and sketches never before collected in any previous edition, combining with this rich material a unique pictorial record of the association of contemporary art with the work of the greatest novelist of his generation. It will comprise forty volumes, which will be issued at the rate of two or three a month, commencing in October next. The price of the volumes will be 10s. 6d. net each, and they will be supplied only in sets. An eight-page prospectus may be had of the publishers

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

A GENERAL meeting of the Needlework and Charitable Guild will be held at St. Bride's Institute on Tuesday, 11 September, at 7.30. We trust that all members will make an effort to attend.

The arrangements for the performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth* in aid of the Guild funds are well on their way toward completion. The performance is fixed for Wednesday, 26 September, at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C. We have a good company (under the management of Mr. Percy Merriman) and the promise of a thoroughly enjoyable evening from a social point of view; it remains with our members and friends to make it a financial success. Tickets at 2s. or 1s. each may now be obtained from Miss E. M. Miniken, Hon. Secretary of the Guild, or from Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Hon. General Secretary, at Headquarters.

On 13 August the Guild rendered substantial assistance, in conjunction with "The Browning Settlement," in supplying a day's outing and tea to over 100 poor children on Tooting Common. The guests were selected from among the poorest living in the Borough district, and many were literally dressed in rags. But in spite of that, the whole party were in excellent spirits and thoroughly enjoyed the good fare set before them.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THIS branch is arranging an excursion to Rochester and Maidstone on Saturday, 8 September. The party will go by train to Strood, where conveyances will be awaiting. The drive will be over Rochester Bridge, past the Castle and Cathedral, then by way of the Maidstone Road over Blue Bell Hill to Kits Coty House. Permission has also been obtained to visit Cobtree (the Dingley Dell of *Pickwick*). Tea will be provided in Maidstone, and the party will drive back to Strood for home. Members of the Fellowship will be welcomed, but it is essential that application be made early to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. E. Palmer, 2 Marischal Road, Lee, S.E., so that the necessary provision may be made. The price of the tickets, including rail, drive, and tea, is 6s. 9d. A stamped envelope should be enclosed for reply.

TORONTO BRANCH

THIS branch held a very enjoyable picnic on Saturday afternoon, 28 July. Private car conveyed the Dickens people and their friends to Long Branch. The weather was ideal, and a splendid game of baseball was played with much enthusiasm by both ladies and gentlemen, despite the heat of the day. After tea the party embarked on a gasoline launch, and enjoyed the breezes of Lake Ontario. The branch intend holding other little informal gatherings during the summer, which will get the members better acquainted before the 1906–7 season commences.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XXI

DEAR Friend, whose genial muse
And graphic pen
In joy and sorrow bind
Thy fellow-men,—
Whose heart hath in its core
Humanity!
This gift—would it were more—
I offer thee.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

Dedication to a volume of poems, Edinburgh, February, 1856.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH" AS A PLAY

NOWADAYS we read so much, hear so much, and see so much of the decay of home life, that it is quite refreshing to dip again into that delightful little book *The Cricket on the Hearth*, the whole purpose and tone of which is the uplifting and glorification of home. Had its author written no other story than this he would still have endeared himself to all hearts. Around the happy hearth of the honest old carrier and his thriving little wife Dickens gathers some of his finest creations and pens some of his brightest fancies.

"What a charming Christmas fairy play it would make!" we exclaim, and so thought Dion Boucicault years ago. Many Dickensians may be fortunately able to recall the late Mr. J. L. Toole's realistic and touching performance of the careworn, unselfish old Toy-maker; and Mr. Arthur Bourchier's successful production of the play at the Garrick recently must be still fresh in our memories. Mr. Boucicault's play retains that same sweet insistent note of home with all its sacredness and joy which permeates the book.

Big, clumsy, dear old Peerybingle and his blithe, busy little Dot; Caleb with all his innocent deceptions and that poor cracked voice; sweet afflicted Bertha and the gruff, growling ogre of a Tackleton; dainty May Fielding and the ever-genteel Mrs. Fielding; the mysterious old Stranger and that inimitable Dickens character, Tilly Slowboy, form a wonderful company, and the prospect of seeing them once again upon a stage should attract many who have derived so much pleasure and good from the little masterpiece of home life.

A party of Dickensians are giving a performance of this play towards the end of September, in aid of the funds of the Dickens Fellowship Needlework and Charitable Guild, particulars of which are announced on another page.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We are always pleased to receive a letter for insertion on Dickensian subjects over a nom-de-plume, *but it must be accompanied with the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, otherwise it cannot be inserted. Would "R. W. D." send his name and address?*—ED.

A CURIOUS ERROR

DEAR SIR,—There is a curious error in the beautiful edition of Dickens's first three Christmas books, published in separate volumes by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., and illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock. It is "a very little one," as the nurse said in *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, but it may possibly be the means of giving the volume of *The Chimes*, in which work it occurs, some special value in the eyes of collectors. On page 128, at the close of the most pathetic passage in the book, there is an odd little picture, or tail-piece, of an old man in threadbare attire, and wearing spectacles, dancing joyfully with a lumpish girl, whom he holds by both hands. Not only is this picture utterly out of place in this position, but it represents no

characters in the story. In fact, the figures are plainly our old friends Caleb Plummer and Tilly Slowboy, "footing it," as described by Dickens in the wind-up dance at the carrier's home, and footing it so briskly that they have footed themselves into the wrong book.

Yours faithfully,

LONDON, 20 *August*, 1906. WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT.

WHERE DID DICKENS GET THE NAME OF "SAMUEL WELLER"?

SIR,—I note in your interesting publication for this month a letter by "R. W. D." who goes again into this very much discussed topic. The general opinion is that Dickens took the character from a Samuel Vale, a comic actor of the old Surrey Theatre, who, appearing as Simon Spatterdash in the *Boarding House*, used to introduce a number of quaint what may be termed "Wellerisms"!

This may be true of the character, but how about the name? Was it created or invented by Dickens, like so many of the names of his characters, which are certainly unique?

Some time since I was at that ultra-fashionable modern watering-place, Eastbourne, and one Sunday attended divine worship at the old parish church in the Upperton, or the upper town. While in the churchyard I had a tombstone pointed out to me close to the sacred edifice on the east side, bearing the following inscription :—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
SAMUEL WELLER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1834.
AGED 67 YEARS.

ALSO OF
ANN,
HIS WIFE, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
NOVEMBER 25TH, 1842.
AGED 82 YEARS.

The Pickwick Papers as we all know, were written and appeared in '36 and '37. Dickens was always fond of long walks and roaming the country. He also always had an eye for the country church and God's acre.

Could he by any chance in one of his wanderings have visited or passed through old Eastbourne and have seen the above stone? Perhaps one of your many readers may be able to answer my query.

The coincidence—if one— ends with the husband's name, as we are aware that Mary, and not Ann, was the name of Sam's wife. Further, Ann Weller did not shuffle of this mortal coil till six years after the first number of *Pickwick* appeared.

Wishing *The Dickensian*, of which I am an interested reader, all success,

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

M. H. GOULTER-WOOD.

BATH, 15 *Aug.*, 1906.

P.S.—I have never seen the two names in juxtaposition save in *Pickwick*, though Weller is not an uncommon name in Ba-a-th, as Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantam would say.—M. W.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Dickens Fellowship Edition of the works of Charles Dickens. Twenty-one volumes. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. Sold in sets only. £2. 2s. cloth; £3. 3s. leather. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"A Dickens Memory." (Mrs. Nickleby's Garden at Bow.) *Daily News*, 24 July.

"Dickens Characters and Methods." By Edward Lister. *Newcastle W. Journal*, 21 July.

"The Home of Nicholas Nickleby" for a playground. Letter from the Dickens Fellowship. *Daily News*, 21 July.

"Dickens Associations at Bath." (The Fellowship visit illustrated.) *Daily Chronicle*, 4 August.

"Dickens and Exeter." By J. W. T. Ley. *Exeter Express and Echo* (City Talk), 4 August. Correspondence, *ibid.*, 11 August.

"The Purposes of Dickens." By Rowland Grey. V. Dombey and Son. *Great Thoughts*, 18 August.

"Oliver Twist." Dramatic performance. *Cape Times*, 10 July.

"Sixty-seven Years in the Temple: some Dickens characters." *Daily News*, 8 August.

"Broadstairs and Dickens." *Daily Chronicle*, 10 August.

"How Dickens Sells." Interview with Mr. Arthur Waugh. *Book Monthly*, August.

"The New Bumble: the Poplar Comedy from the Dickens point of view." By James Douglas. *Morning Leader*, 30 July.

"Conference of Foreign Missions." (Dickens's views.) *British Weekly*, 26 July.

"A Roman Bath in London." Illus. *Bystander*, 22 August.

"Dickens and Bath." Illus. *Bristol Observer*, 18 August.

"A Revival in Charles Dickens." By R. Brimley Johnson. *Tribune*, 18 August.

POST CARDS

The Dickens Fellowship at the Crescent, Bath. Messrs. Samuel, 150 Strand. Price 6d.

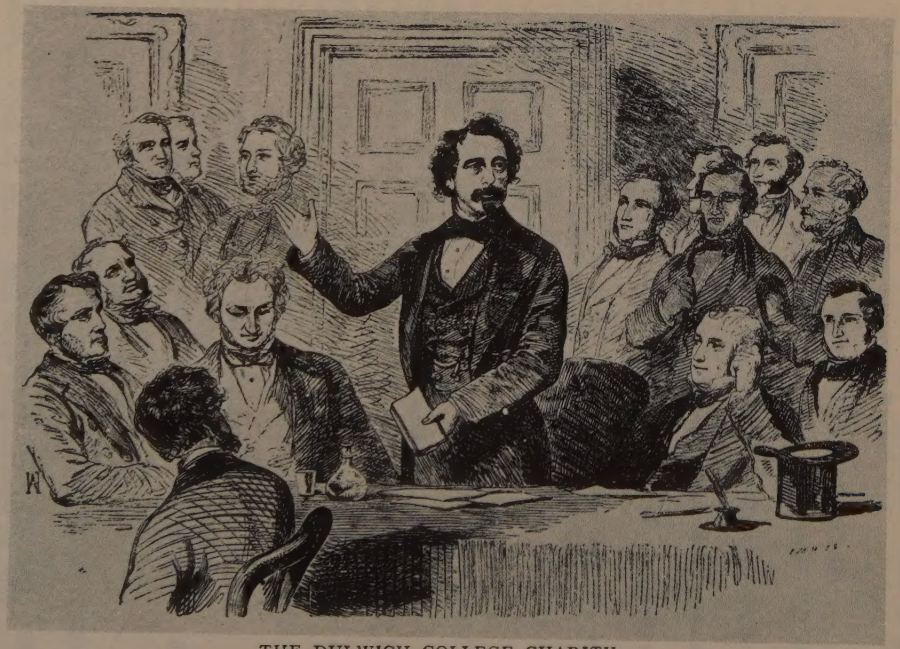
Blundeston: six photographic cards. Messrs. Spashett, stationers, Lowestoft. Price 2d. each. Also three coloured ones, 1d. each.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Sept. 8. Excursion to Rochester and Maidstone, arranged by the Blackheath, Lee, and Lewisham Branch. Full particulars under Branch Report.

,, 11. General Meeting of members of the Needlework and Charitable Guild, St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E C, at 7.30.

,, 26. Dramatic performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, in aid of the Needlework and Charitable Guild funds, at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.



THE DULWICH COLLEGE CHARITY

DICKENS ADDRESSING THE MEETING AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE (MARCH, 1856)

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